

Hatchlings

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Summary: It really shouldn't have surprised Toothless how well his hatchling got along with the others. Birds of a feather flock together, right? (Though in this case, would it be dragons of a scale?)

Hatchlings

It was surprising to Toothless how _good _his hatchling was at_ well, dealing with other hatchlings. After the Snoggletog adventure, the little dragons were the first in three hundred to grow up in a time of peace. Doesn't mean that hatchlings changed, oh no. They were still_ what did Astrid call him that one time? Oh yes.

They were still adorable little shits.

They're babies, after all. They don't listen to anyone. Except for, apparently, Hiccup.

Stoick said that his son had a way with the beasts. Toothless just snorted and nudged his hatchling, knowing that part of it was because the lad almost always smelled of good emotions: compassion, sympathy, and friendship. And soap. Most dragons liked the smell of his soap, even Toothless. Then again, having one being who washed more than the standard once a week like the rest of the village was almost heavenly for the dragons' sensitive nostrils.

But the point is that Hiccup didn't even have to extend his hand to the hatchlings. If one of the families was having a problem (usually with accidental flames), they called Hiccup. Hiccup would admonish the hatchling gently and then ask their parent(s) to teach them control, if they could. Then he'd scratch the hatchling under the chin and send them on their way.

It was surprising but_ Toothless grinned as he watched Hiccup play a game of tag with the faster growing ones who were already able to

use their wings, though only for short flights a few feet over land. Stoick came up next to him and watched his son silently before clasping Toothless on the shoulder. The chief walked away, business to be done.

Toothless shook his head. He knew what that clasp meant. _You raised him right._

Maybe Stoick wasn't the best parent. And yeah, he had definitely caused his hatchling a lot of grief. But Toothless mostly understood. It wasn't something that could be put into words; he just got why Stoick did what he did. The important thing is that the man was trying.

So Toothless spread out on the ground, watching the hatchlings go around in circles, his chasing them before they chased him right back.

Their laughter could be heard throughout the village. Toothless let the air out of his lungs with a _whoosh_ and settled down to wait, happy that his hatchling was happy.

It shouldn't have been so surprising, he mused. Hiccup got along with practically all dragons, especially the ones on Berk. From what they said, it had something to do with the Dragon Training; probably because he would scratch them and pet them but not harm them. They all felt bad for treating the little runt the way they did in the beginning, but Hiccup never showed any hint of a grudge. Toothless understood that bit better. His hatchling knew that they thought that they were going to be killed by these teenagers, so they fought back. Hiccup understood that and didn't begrudge them for it, so they didn't have a vendetta against him either. (Barf and Belch already got in their little revenge for the eel by making him stumble a little bit, but they helped him with his balance afterwards. Hiccup forgave them for that; he probably would've done the same thing if he were them.) And since dragons are very sociable (well, mostly), the word spread, and Hiccup was probably known world-wide by dragons as a human who would treat them as they deserve to be treated; beings that are equals or even uppers, understanding that these reptiles could kill him in an instant and instead of being afraid, just trusts them not to. And that gave Hiccup certain privileges and had probably saved his life a few times.

The Snoggletog incident, for example. No human had set foot on their breeding grounds then lived to tell the tale, the only exception being Hiccup. It wasn't really the lad's fault he ended up there anyway, and peace now reigned over the island, but a few dragons that weren't from Berk were wary about letting him stay, but as they saw him interact with the hatchlings and run forward to _hug a Monstrous Nightmare_, well, that changed their opinions real quick. And they were very glad that he decided to leave quickly, so they went with the return migration willingly, adding a few more dragons to Berk's population.

A pat on his nose shook the dragon from his thoughts. His hatchling was in front of him, out of breath but smiling despite the slight pain Toothless could smell and see in his eyes.

"Let's go home bud. Those kids wore me out," he laughed. Toothless gave him a gummy grin, standing up but not completely, allowing his

hatchling to get on his back easier before going for their night flight, which was more evening at this point in time. Toothless figured that it was probably the last flight he was getting that day, though, so he kept it calm. He'd pull extreme (and, if he's honest, really stupid) stunts with his hatchling tomorrow. So when Toothless landed inside his hatchling's room, he wasn't surprised to hear a large yawn come from his rider as he hopped off Toothless's back. The Night Fury took his tail and gently slapped it against his rider in the direction of the bed.

"Yeah, yeah, in a second Mr. Bossy Pants. I don't exactly like the feeling of bugs in my teeth."

Bugs weren't really an issue on Berk, it apparently being too cold for them to survive, but Toothless understood that his hatchling just wanted to clean up a bit before heading to bed. The dragon padded away, getting as comfortable as he could with Hiccup's riding gear on. While Hiccup had designed it to be non-obtrusive, he was still a dragon and was used to sleeping without weight on his back, although he preferred having the extra weight on his tail.

Hiccup came back in a few moments later to find the Night Fury snoozing again.

"Hey bud, I'll take that off if you get up."

Toothless decided it wasn't worth it, shaking his head slightly before tucking it back in.

"Alright then." Hiccup joined the dragon in sleep.

Hatchlings needed a lot of sleep, after all, Toothless chortled as he settled down once more.

A few hours later and nowhere near enough to morning for Hiccup, they were woken up by a gentle pounding on the window. It was too heavy for a human, but what would a dragon want at this hour?

Hiccup was surprised to see a Monstrous Nightmare on his window, looking at him and Toothless. It made some sort of gesture Hiccup couldn't translate before flying out of sight. Hiccup turned to his dragon, who got up off of the slab of stone that was his bed and gestured for Hiccup to get on his back.

"Well, at least one of us understands." Hiccup hopped up on Toothless's back and the Night Fury followed the trail of the Nightmare that had awakened them. He ended up finding a party of dragons, ranging from large to small, all gathered in the Dragon Training Academy. The name remained the same after the fall of the Red Death, but the purpose had changed from killing dragons into training them, though Hiccup said it was just as much, if not more, work to get the Vikings to cooperate. There was an empty spot in the middle, just large enough for the night Fury and his rider. The Monstrous Nightmare that had led them there now hung on the chains, moving his feet carefully so as to not awaken the other dragons who were sleeping all over the floor. He looked happy that they had followed and indicated that they should take their place.

Hiccup's eyes lit up. "It's like a sleepover!" he whispered excitedly to his dragon. Toothless nodded and jumped silently through the

chains, landing gracefully in the spot he had seen. Hiccup curled up next to his best friend, facing outward so as to see some of the other dragons instead of Toothless's chest. Said dragon tried curling his tail around his rider, but had only moved it an inch when a sharp sound came from it.

"Let me get your riding gear off this time, buddy," Hiccup requested. Toothless relented, allowing the deft fingers to undo the buckles and clasps that allowed him to fly. Hiccup wrapped them up and attempted to move them but found he couldn't move anywhere without stepping or tripping over a dragon and waking them up.

The Nightmare came to help them again, using his long neck and grabbing the equipment before dropping it nearby the door, close enough to where Hiccup could reach it in an emergency but far enough away so that the dragons wouldn't roll over and crush it.

Then they were finally able to curl up, Toothless's wings and body producing more heat than a blanket ever could. Hiccup fell asleep quickly, his dragon nodding to the Nightmare before following his rider into sleep.

They were found the next morning like that as Stoick made his daily rounds on Thornado. He wanted to wake his son and find out why there was a slumber party of dragons, but decided it was too much effort and really not worth the sarcasm that was ten times worse than when Hiccup woke up on his own time (or his dragons). So he steered Thornado away and told Berk to not disturb them until they woke up.

The village didn't say a word, and neither Hiccup nor the dragons were inclined to share.

It happened a few more times, each one starting with a different dragon knocking on Hiccup's window and leading them to the arena, where there would be a spot in the middle for Toothless and Hiccup. The dragons that surrounded them were different each time as well. Hiccup noticed Stormfly once or twice, same with Barf and Belch, Meatlug, and Hookfang, though the latter two didn't come as often as the former. Hiccup shrugged, reasoning it as a rotation of sorts since there wasn't enough space for the all the dragons but it's the only place they wouldn't send Stoick or the rest of the village into a panic when they saw they were missing. They were regular about it, at least; each event occurring once every week until every dragon had gone to a sleepover with Hiccup and Toothless, even the hatchlings, who either curled up next to their parents or inside Toothless's wings near Hiccup (so long as the parents didn't mind).

Hiccup still had no idea why the dragons did this, but he had fun none the less. It was nice to be amongst the first beings who accepted you as who you were, even at your most vulnerable point. Hiccup couldn't be safer if he was wrapped in bubble wrap. (Large, fire breathing, sharp toothed, razor clawed and occasionally spiked beings that trust you tend to do wonders for your feeling of safety.)

Toothless laughed, knowing exactly why the dragons loved hanging around his hatchling. Part of it was the scents he gave off, but another part of it was that he had saved them. Saved them from the fallen queen, from raiding and losing their own family during said

raids. Making every attempt to understand them and never instantly saying a dragon was evil and never blaming them for something unless it truly was their fault, but then he'd try to find a way to fix it that suited both the dragon's nature and the Vikings'. He _understood_, and not everyone did. He understood that sometimes Meatlug just wanted a lazy day, or that Hookfang had a rather aggressive sort of affection (then again, his girlfriend was Astrid, so that one made sense), or that Barf and Belch had odds and ends from having two heads that didn't share a brain. He also understood that Stormfly loved the thrill of danger, flying around the sea stacks like he and Toothless had so long ago, though a tad more gracefully than the beginning of their first full on flight. And that was rare.

The dragons loved Hiccup because he was _Hiccup_.

Toothless couldn't be prouder of his hatchling.

As he watched Hiccup get up and wander off with Astrid, emotions swirling in his eyes like _happinesfriendshiplove_ that Toothless saw directed at himself a lot of the time (though the love was a bit different), he stood on all fours. His tail came around to wipe a tear from his eye.

They sure grow up fast, the adorable little shits.

Tomorrow, he and Hiccup would prank some of the residents of Berk, making sure they kept that title.

A/N: All I can think about when I see Toothless teasing Hiccup is "you adorable little shit". I came up with the idea that Hiccup mentally calls Toothless that when he's living up to the title, though here, it's a bit altered. I was hoping to get another one of our ideas on here, but alas, another one shot that should cover that one will be in order. There's maybe two or so left of these one shots, unless I find that I missed some ideas (which, honestly, I probably have). But yeah, this one consisted of "adorable little shit(s)", dragon sleepovers, and how good Hiccup is with kids. Well, dragon kids, but he's got a whole lot of practice after dealing with the hatchlings. But with a human child, at least he doesn't have to deal with accidental flaming!

End
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